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18 August 1980

USSR Report

POLITICAL AND SOCIOLOGICAL AFFAIRS

(FOUO 17/80)

Baku Journal on National Liberation Literature
From Iranian Azerbaijan



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USSR REPORT
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BAKU JOURNAL ON NATIONAL LIBERATION LITERATURE
FROM IRANIAN AZERBAIJAN

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INTERNATIONAL

NATIONAL LIBERATION LITERATURE FROM IRANIAN AZERBAIJAN

Baku AZERBAIJAN in Azerbaijani No 1, 1980 pp 35-45

[Article by Mirza Ibrahimov in the monthly literary-esthetic journal of the Azerbaijani Writers' Union: "Revival in the South"]

The enemy sees us giving up hand in hand,
We give up our feebleness to the enemy.
They want to destroy the building blocks of every revolution,
But they must get the permission of our architecture.
Be rational and you will conquer the enemy
Our enemies fear that rationality
Create unity! The voice is unanimous among our people--
We will eliminate our poverty from our existence.
Sheriyar, "The Bird of Freedom" (VARLYQ)

[Text] Everyone remembers major historical events like the revolution which overthrew the monarchy of the shah in Iran in 1979.

The revolution brought to all Iran, especially Iranian Azerbaijan, a new life in culture, literature and the arts. Now, in Tehran, Tabriz, Ardabil and other cities a number of new journals and newspapers have begun to appear. Although these journals and newspapers emanate from different sources, they all have a similar tone: They publish fact-finding articles, exposes, short stories and poetry about past reigns of the shahs, concentrating on the tyranny and injustice, treason and venality of the Pahlevi regime. Naturally, these articles are full of rage and antipathy toward Mohammed Reza Pahlevi, the last evil symbol of this dynasty. At the same time, they anathematize the imperialist aghas [lords] who created and nourished the Pahlevi tyranny, forced them to eat and drink it, and encouraged even more bloody and ugly actions. In the first issue of the journal VARLYQ we read in the article "National Oppression in Azerbaijan" by M. E. Yashar: "From the historical point of view, the fearful tyrannical regime which continued in Iran for more than a century was established by world imperialism after World War I as a strategic maneuver, basically under the aegis of English imperialism." Based on this strategy, the foundation of a "powerful and centralized"

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state in Iran, as in a number of other countries, was able to insure two fundamental goals of imperialism. One of these post-World War I goals was to give warning to Iran about the course of the revolution underway in Russia, its northern neighbor; the second was to make Iran's economic situation dependent on Western imperialism, to plunder its natural resources and to turn its commercial possibilities into a marketplace of imperialism." (VARLYQ No 1, 1979 p 12)

The author notes that in setting up this anti-national and anti-democratic plan, "the militarist government of Iran headed by Reza Khan and, later, his son, held the future in their hands." All the "national and democratic possibilities" which had been won by the constitutional revolution were destroyed. By "destroying all free and independent channels" they created "the basis of a despotic regime." Similarly, they eliminated "all social and political freedoms." "By crushing the revolutionary spirit of the people under their heels," they tried to "remove freedom of speech and thought from everyone." They turned "Iran into a prison of peoples."

The author of the article writes later that the elimination of the national entities, cultures and languages of the peoples living in Iran was based on injuries inflicted on the peoples by the "feudal-bourgeois chauvinism" policy of the Pahlevi state. "In these terrible and severe years of turbulence the people of Azerbaijan, like other peoples in Iran, were forbidden an existence wherein they could use their mother tongue, regional characteristics, national awareness and culture. Their activities and skills were crushed and liquidated because they could not follow a healthy evolutionary path and their very best human characteristics were ridiculed."

It is natural: the Azerbaijanis, like all peoples living in Iran, when seeing the light of a revolutionary dawn, after the dark night of 50 years of tyranny, have taken the first joyful steps on the road of educational, cultural, spiritual and social uplift. Long-suppressed aspirations of the people have begun to flourish, and these find their reflection, above all, in belles-lettres.

The poem entitled "The Voice of Time" by Shehriyar in the first issue of VARLYQ is written with high craftsmanship. The poem finds its way into the reader's heart with its depth of feeling and ideas, and compels him to think:

I slept in my hammock as in my childhood,
The voice of my mother lullabies me;
If I am on a journey, the jingling of the camel-bells
Awakens me, the voice of a passing caravan.

Recently the throne trembled, listen
To the voice of the nations cry for help and mercy
That greasy voice cannot remain my prison for forty years
If it is not greasy, then accept from me my humble voice.

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If I raise my voice, I must express the evil --
The nation is bitter, a powerful voice is raised...
If the voice is magnetic, in armed revolt, pay attention,
If is the brave voice of the commanders of freedom.
(VARLYQ No 1, 1979 p 32)

The joyful situation that strikes the eye in contemporary southern literature is the proliferation of essays, journalism criticism and scientific articles. In these writings the historical past, the music, the language and literature of the people are discussed, and works of contemporary writers are analyzed. Genjeli Sabahi, in an article devoted to the great patriotic poet Sehend, who recently died, evaluates the work of the poet very highly and acquaints us enthusiastically about a number of his esthetic and idealistic qualities. He notes especially Sehend's loathing of tyranny, his patriotism, and his love for progressive social ideals. "The world of the poet exists for itself. He wants freedom. A life where everyone is free. Where compassion and peace reign. The poet does not search for a pleasant, free life for himself alone:

I am not alone;
The pulse of my people, my territories,
Beats with me.
My heart is beating, but
In my breast there is no heart,
But a million hearts are beating.
Like the butterfly I was struck
By the torch called life in the world.
If I burn, I do not weep;
I was born to burn
In this melancholy state
Without hesitation.

(Op. cit., p 39)

During the period of tyranny Sehend did a lot of courageous educational and patriotic work, wrote and published beautiful works in his native language, helped other writers and aroused great love among the people for the fine arts. As a result, enthusiastic works about Sehend are published, and poetry is dedicated to him. The value of these works is that they celebrate the ideals of the liberation and happiness of the people as the meaning of the whole existence and creativity of Sehend. For example, the poet Muzaffer in his poem "In Praise of Sehend":

You did not bow your head; you revolted against the
tyranny and reaction oppressing the fatherland.
Never being silent, you called for justice in every
way at every period...

(Op. cit., p 48)

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As for the poet Eli Tebrizi, he wrote an excellent poem in the classical ghazal form in which he sketches the qualities he esteems valuable in the life, creativity and activity of Sehend in his memoir:

As a youth Sehend saw his language enslaved.
Believe us, he almost died guarding his honor.
As days passed in tyranny, he yearned for the sun.
When the sun rose and set, he wept for us.
When the bitter winter frosts melted,
Though it was spring, it was fall for us.
Look at the present unity, know this profound secret
That everything that was has perished, and only this
limb remains to us.
Tebrizi's wish is nothing else:
If there is unity, no pogrom shall fall to us.
(Op. cit., p 49)

One of the factors showing the life and strength of the literature of Iranian Azerbaijan is that, despite the disastrous severe persecutions, poetry, short stories reflecting the feelings of discontent, loathing and anger of the people in the period of despotism in the mother tongue, and many folklore samples were collected. Certainly, at that time, the majority of these works never saw the light; as for some others, they were withdrawn from the printer and destroyed. Now some recently printed works which have come to hand are supplied to the readers. It is natural that some of them contain a deep grief engendered by the period. For example, we read in the poem by Dr Hamid Nitgi:

Do not look at the yellow mountains,
May your eyes not fix on any distance at all;
Do not speak: whatever happens, let your ears become deaf,
Consciences are rusty, sleep difficult...
The dark night is a pit without bottom,
Tears in the breast and secret fear...
Sword strapped in its scabbard so it doesn't cut,
The grip of the murderer is on your throat.
If you cast off the chains which have been on your
neck for years
You are exiled within the homeland, if you live as
a stranger...

Although there is a sorrow in these poems which reflects the tragic influence of tyranny, oppression and injustice on the human personality, there is neither pessimism nor lack of hope; the hope of a dawn of freedom lives.

In a poem called "There Is a Road Going Toward the Dawn" there are many lines calling for unity and struggle:

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The heart endured this evil pain of the difficult years,
but burned,
I cannot express the grief with which the heart was
inflamed.
The grief of my country is mine,--I am a poet of this land!
The wasting of the land was done by grievous tyranny, o heart!
O fairy of freedom! Awaken, open your eyes,
The heart awaits your arrival with bewildered astonishment
Thousands of youths are being sacrificed to you every day.
Come mercifully, sit not silently that the heart be annihilated.
I have opened this naked soul to you, I give it as a gift.
If it is my fate, the heart will become another sacrifice
on this road;
My children will mourn for the homeland.
The heart sustains these tragic griefs.
(VARLYQ No 3/4, 1979 p 65)

In scientific, literary and publicist articles and writings, even in letters from readers, there is a many-sided discussion of the vile acts of the time of absolutism and the tortures inflicted on the working masses and different peoples. It is seen from the opinions and styles of expression that the authors of these essays and letters represent different strata of the society. From this point of view a letter by a reader named Seyid Ebdulhemid Surkhabi is of interest. He considers "reading and writing in one's own language, lectures in one's own language in all schools, the use of the mother tongue in the organs of justice, the courts, on radio and television, and the publication of newspapers and magazines in one's own language" to be a natural right.

Later, returning to the time of the shah, he notes that "it was a demand of the nature of that regime not to open the way for such things at this time. Such tyranny in an Islamic republic and the possibility of disobeying the laws and decrees of Allah are inconceivable. Otherwise, an Islamic republic would have denied its nature and philosophical substance."
(VARLYQ No 2, 1979 p 49)

As is seen, Seyid Ebdulhemid is a religious man. He bases the right of every people to communicate in its own language and to read, write and publish books on verses in the Koran, and calls those opposed to this "a movement of those who do not give in to us because we are Azerbaijanis, and a movement of those who wish to tie us by force to their languages and cultures; a satanic rebellion against the will of Allah." (Ibid., p 5)

In the majority of articles published in Iran and Iranian Azerbaijan, publishing books in the people's own language is tied to the question of the opening of schools. This is one of the most injurious aspects of the "accursed generation who gave us the old time of tyranny." In the journals whose names we have mentioned above, articles are published on questions of learning the past history of a people and its language on a scientific

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basis. Since the mother tongue was persecuted for a long time, and since the road was not open for instruction in the native tongue even in farms and elementary schools, there are a number of questions on the development of a language on which no research has been done, the literary language has not been purged of Arabic and Persian elements, and the correspondences between the popular vernacular and the literary language have not been studied. Intellectuals, writers and scientists are now dwelling on these types of problems. From this point of view the articles by M. E. Yashar "The Spoken Language Is the Written Language" and H. N. Altay's "Rich Poverty" are interesting. Yashar shows the mistake of "those who consider a literary language to be the language of the city, area or locality where they live" and calls on writers, poets and litterateurs "to cooperate in a collective and unique literary and written language for all the people." (VARLYQ No 2, 1979 pp 3-4)

As for Altay, in his article "Rich Poverty" he connects the question of the development of the language history of Azerbaijan with an all-sided and deep learning of the lexicon and rules of grammar, and writes about the persecution of the language by reactionary and ruler-worshipping men left over from the time of tyranny, and the defense of the language from attack: "No one has the right or authority to prohibit or forbid our spoken language. Our language shall be heard everywhere, unconditionally and without reservation, in the home, in the street, in the medreses, in firms, and in every conceivable official and unofficial place and office." (VARLYQ No 3/4, 1979 p 6)

The author notes that in order to learn the language, to show its richness and power, and to define its grammar and laws on a scientific basis "we will even translate works by authoritative scholars and methodologists from Soviet Azerbaijan as well as the works of other philologists belonging to other countries and ideologies. This time, you will be unable to suppress us under the pretext of 'communism' or 'pan-Turkism' for the 'sin' to connect our past with speaking or writing our own language." (Ibid., p 7)

The majority of the writings which have appeared in the journals recently in Iranian Azerbaijan and have passed through our hands are of a democratic spirit and attract attention through their broadness of subject matter. In these articles the benefit of workers and tillers of the soil, and the idea of friendship among the peoples of Iran are defended. For example, at the meeting which took place at the founding of the "Azerbaijan Writers' and Poets' Union" we read in the list of objectives of the group: "to disseminate among the people the idea of a working and toiling class who are drawn to planning ahead and to defend this idea, to declare unity with all other suffering peoples of Iran, and to shun ideologies advocating every kind of accursed nationalistic or religious remedy." (YOLDASH No 8, 1979 p 30)

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YOLDASH and VARLYQ especially noted May Day, the day of international solidarity of the workers. On this subject a large number of publicistic articles and poetry were published. The poem called "Workman's Holiday" by Muzaffer is on this subject.

The worker's holiday is the 1st of May,
The anniversary of the Chicago event,
93 years ago, rising up,
Putting their lives on the line
To emerge from tyranny and slavery,
Seeing through the insults and the bribes
They gathered one day and revolted;
A revolt against injustice, tyranny, and the masters.

What is interesting there is that the poet, in describing an historical event, in other words, the celebration of the workers of Chicago, uses such words and expressions that they remind the reader of the days of the shah's tyranny:

From this side police, agents, gendarmes--
The lowly, the hooligans, a years worth of traitors--
Rifles, picks, clubs in their hands
And bullets, bombs, gunpowder, knives and hammers
They attacked the working class,
The opposition to the bourgeoisie, the overlords.
Calling them "troublemakers," "traitors"--
They turned the demonstration into blood.

(VARLYQ No 1, 1979 p 62)

The poets and writers of Iranian Azerbaijan, while reflecting the complex life, desires and aspirations, and the truth about the unending social struggles, quickly turned to the brave history of the fatherland and its revolutionary past, and they try to push the movement forward by means of historical parallels. In their works Babek, Dede Gorgud, Koroghlu and Gachag Nebi are recalled, and the constitutional revolution and the Azerbaijan democratic movement of 1941-1945 are commemorated proudly. In the poem by Eziz Mohsun "Settarkhan" the brave struggle by the great revolutionary and his unforgettable services to the people are eulogized:

Brave son of our heroic people,
Our people praise you this day.
You stood up against injustice and tyranny.
Every celebration was opened by your hand.
A pity! The dark curtain of tyranny
Again tightens its grip on the throat of our people.
The order of the crown-bearing executioner
Crushes thousands into the good earth.
Once again blood gushes from the mouth of tyranny,
Justice-loving men are imprisoned.
Again bloodied hands strike
This beloved earth, this Azerbaijan.

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This poem was written in the years when reaction and despotism flooded the land. The serious condition of the country is described with a sorrowful heart. Eziz Mohsun, like the poets from whose works we have cited examples, despite the tragic and severe condition of the country, do not lose the hope of freedom and say that the people will not submit to any executioner, that they will struggle resolutely, and that the day of liberation is sure to come.

But this country will not submit
If it goes on a thousand more terrible days.
It will rage like a wave-torn sea;
Although the wind is rising, my star will shine...
Settarkhan! May it be sworn on your name,
May it be sworn not to submit to that banner,
May it be sworn that illegitimate blood shall be cast off,
May it be sworn inextinguishably to brave men
That we shall finish this sacred struggle.
Our hearts are beating with the love of freedom.
Even if a river of blood should flow on this road,
These lands shall not yield to tyranny...
(VARLYQ No 1, 1979 pp 52-53)

It is of value that in the pages of the press emerging in the south not only literature from the classical period, but also from the 19th and 20th centuries are treated as a unity. Examples from the works of poets, writers and scholars who wrote and write now in both parts of Azerbaijan are presented. In articles like "Settarkhan in the Poetry of Sabir," "Ustad Shehriyar and Gachag Nebi" we see the poems of Sabir and examples from Nebi's popular epic poem. Similarly, we read the poem of Shehriyar "Gachag Nebi":

There is a key to the door of the prison, Nebi.
We are harnessing a plane to the birds, Nebi,
You cannot stay in this hot prison.
You could not sell the mother's cradle.
You could not strike the homeland of the fathers.
O, victim of honor, brave Nebi.

(VARLYQ No 3/4, 1979 p 42)

In the articles by Hesén Mejidzade Savala "Hajy Mirza Rushdiyye" and Sehend's "He Died by Samed Sebahi" we come across valuable information and exciting ideas about the writer-teacher Rushdiyye and theatrical director Samed Sebahi which demonstrates the unforgettable services to popular education and theatrical arts in the 19th and 20th centuries through their literary and stage activities.

After the turbulence of life in Iran today, after the unceasing shaking-up of social relations and violent conflicts between different fronts, movements and classes, and after confusion in a number of regions, finally

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both the open and secret hostile activity by the shah (who is now in America) and his aghas (lords) and nobles find their reflection in various ways in the works of Iranian Azerbaijani writers. Especially the national question which Prime Minister Bazargan calls "conflicts between Sunni and Shiite, Arab and Persian, Turk and Kurd" and considers "a nasty stain on history" (AZERBAIJAN, 1979 (2690) 128)--is a question about which all peoples, all intellectuals--in a word, the writers of Azerbaijan--must think. Forward-thinking intellectuals, writers, progressive people, above all, the masses wish to live under conditions of friendship, equality, good relations and connections not only with the people of Iran but with the peoples of the entire world. Reactionaries under the ruling terror, a shah with neither crown nor throne, plundering imperialists and ruling chauvinist circles are trying to reach their hypocritical objectives among the people by inspiring hostilities among the Azerbaijanis and Kurds, who have been neighbors for centuries, and which have divided fire and hearth, salt and bread, by putting them into conflict with each other.

Progressive forces and true patriots of Iran understand this tactic of the enemy and must try to know of their seditious activities beforehand, and must create an atmosphere of friendship and security among the peoples of the region. But attaining this great goal by the use of weapons or force or, as the new Tudeh Party has said "by untying a knot with your teeth when your fingers will do." However, there is but one path: The Tudeh Party of Iran is of the opinion that it is possible to create "tranquility" by a bending and twisting road. But, neither in Kurdistan nor in other areas where national deprivation exists is a solution to the national question possible." (AZERBAIJAN, 1979 (2690) 128)

It is a joyous state that southern writers and intellectuals divulge the hypocritical ideas of the enemy in their activities and works, and activate intelligent and influential courses of action against them. VARLYQ reports that the Azerbaijan Committee reported a meeting of Azerbaijanis living in Tehran with Seyid Ezeleddin Huseyin, the spiritual leader of the great Kurdish people. At this meeting "in a few words by the committee the long historical friendship and brotherhood between the Kurdish and Azerbaijani people was noted and the desire was expressed to strengthen this friendship and brotherhood even more from day to day." (VARLYQ No 2, 1979 p 61)

Events occurring in the south show that, as the writer Eli Tebrizi wrote in his article "What Is Being" the period of "burning silently in the flames of bitter national oppression is to be roasted silently" is over. They are determined to defend and preserve resolutely the material and spiritual blessings which the people won through obstinacy and for which they made so many sacrifices and destroyed the tyranny. On this we read in the journal: "We will not give up this freedom which came into our hands at the cost of thousands of our compatriots and youths at any price. This time, let us protect our freedom like our very lives. If freedom goes, so must our life go." (VARLYQ No 2, 1979 p 55)

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Now, everywhere in the world working men and peoples are demanding their natural rights and laws. Especially on the road to this great objective diverse social classes and peoples are unifying their powers; they are striving to attain solidarity and to struggle in unity. Because strength and victory are now in unity! And not a dissenting voice! The poem by Vulka "In Unity There Is Strength" was not written without reason; it is a requirement of life, development and victory.

This word comes down from our fathers:
Unity of all is an army of strength.
Unity gives strength to the country,
Unity creates every hope...
(Op. cit., p 66)

The works of Iranian Azerbaijani poets and writers also compel attention due to their esthetic qualities. The beautiful language, the meaningful similes, the smooth, agile vernacular expressions, the tendency to generalize philosophically, and its base in general human conceptions of patriotic feelings are valuable characteristics of this literature. It drinks from the sources of the rich classical literary heritage to a significant degree and from the creativity of the people. One meets the poetry and names of Semed Vurghun, Suleyman Rustem, Resul Rza, Eliagha Vahid, Bekhtiyar Vahabzade, Eliagha Kurchayly and others in newspapers and journals in the south. "Glorious Truth" by Muzeffer, "My Ancient Homeland" by Eli Tebrizli, Sahirli's "Song of the Homeland," H. Choshghun's "My Tabriz" and a number of other poets of this type express the truth about the revolution, freedom, and the rights of free men. In "Glorious Truth" we read:

If there is no glorious truth in the world--
Nature's imprint, the world of poetry, is inevitably corrupted.
The wild darkness of bitter tyranny spreads everywhere;
Tyranny, suffering, agony and torture grip the world;
No one finds felicity in this world;
All mankind is blanketed with fear and ferocity.

The poets, who connect the ideal of freedom with the victory of truth, finally, state that lies are to be wiped off the face of the earth, that humanity shall be liberated from terror and tyranny, and that they shall be united in illumination, freedom and felicity.

The day will come when mankind shall be free--
Speaking and writing will be free, the conscience will be joyous.
Manifest official injustice will not exist;
A powerful compelling force grips the world.
Intellectuals say that this force is the strength of the country;
It is the force raging against injustice and inequity;
The wind is the force of the sighs of the oppressed,
The criminal does not know of our solidarity beforehand.

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Look, see how my land is ready for this opportunity,
Darkness grows steadily on these horizons:
My people have a firm resolve--
Glorious truth must flare up soon.

(VARLYQ No 2, 1979 p 65)

Basic truth is the free and felicitous ideal of peoples and working men. Tyranny, exploitation, violence and oppression are the enemies of truth. They embody lies, terror, two-facedness and hypocrisy. In that place where people are free, the truth shall flare up, every place shall be illumined with its light, and the hearths shall see it. In the poem by Eli Tebrizli "My Ancient Homeland" he stated that the people of Iran, in a word, the Azerbaijanis who raised the banner of revolution, lived with this hope. Here, connected with aspirations for a free, felicitous, bright day of this ancient people who inherited bravery, courage, fortitude and fearlessness from their ancestors, says:

The dawn is upon us, awaken forever my country.
May my country always exist with justice in this world.
Your brave being is a complex structure,
May you go on forever, my hearth and country.

The poet calls on the people to cast off the sorrows and agonies of the regime of tyranny, to live in joy and gaiety, and to look hopefully to the future in their movement and activity:

The face of national existence, which has seized the day,
flares up.
May your face be as brilliant as the sun, my country.
If the light is extinguished in our undying homeland,
My country must light a torch from its immortal soul.

(Op. cit., p 53)

It is known that the shah's regime gave no thought to the economic and cultural development of Iranian Azerbaijan. They left no means for the prosperity of the villages, cities and farms, for the opening of factories and industries on a modern industrial and technical basis, for equipping the agricultural enterprises with machinery. For this reason, unemployment in the towns and farms of Iranian Azerbaijan grew from day to day. Hundreds of thousands of Azerbaijanis went south in the hope of finding work. The poet, specifically viewing this situation, says:

Come, do not leave the fatherland,
Do not attach yourself to a stranger, brother!
That is not the way of the times.
A stone does not drown in stone.
Strike like lightning,
Flow like a torrent,
But with the force of stone...

(Op. cit., p 54)

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As is seen, in the literature created in Iranian Azerbaijan, the people's "flashing like lightning, flowing like a torrent, boiling over in ferment" is a powerful motivation to struggle to move toward a new goal, meaningful activity, and a new life. Certainly these ideas and feelings are conceived in life itself. They are removed from rhetoric, they do not want empty shouting, their eyes have been opened in the revolutionary struggle, their creative powers are the expression of the work and activity of the enraged masses--they come to literature from life and, burning with the flame of inspiration, filled with poetic passions, turn to life anew. Our desire is that this connection of esthetic conception with life be further strengthened in Iranian Azerbaijani literature and, that with new brilliant scenes of the people's work and aspiration which illuminate and beautify this literary life, they will please us with new beautiful examples of their poetic ideas.

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INTERNATIONAL

EXAMPLES OF NATIONAL LIBERATION LITERATURE

Baku AZERBAIJAN in Azerbaijani No 1, 1980 pp 46-57

[Selections of Works by various Iranian Azerbaijani writers, with comment by Mirza Ibrahimov]

[Text] After the fall of the shah, while the publishing activity in Iranian Azerbaijan was left to different associations, unions and groups, for all of them there is but one goal: To teach the people of Azerbaijan their own national characteristics, both historical and cultural, in their native language.

To give you an idea of the newspapers and magazines being published: DÄDÄ GORGUD [an epic hero, common in Azeri literary references], KOROGHLU [similar to the preceding title], AZÄRBÄIJAN, ARAZ [the river serving as boundary between N. and S. Azerbaijan], BIRLIK ["Unity"], KHÄLG SÖZÜ ["The Word of the People"], ANA NÄSHR ["The Mother Press"], and ODLAR YURDU ["Land of Fires": a synonym for Azerbaijan].

The basic goal of the Azerbaijani writers and intellectuals working in all these publications is to "return to the Azerbaijanis" the Azerbaijani language. To quote from an article "The Imprints of Language and Chauvinism in the Social Struggle" in No 3 of JÄNLİBEL magazine: "In the Pahlevi period the mother tongue, especially the written language, was eliminated. The imposition of the Farsi language locked the gateway of knowledge to our people and created obstacles on the way to attaining even a smattering of scientific knowledge."

[Here the text is broken and there is a blurred photo of the covers of a number of the aforementioned publications]

The writers of Iranian Azerbaijan have given great figures to world literature and, it goes without saying, do not repudiate the Farsi language, they do not speak against it. To quote an article "Iran Is Our Country, Azerbaijan Is Our Fatherland" in YOLDASH No 1: "We respect the rights of national unities, but we reject Farsi chauvinism. We will use Farsi as a connecting language in the peoples' struggle at the present time."

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We often find poets like Shähriyar, Häbib Sahir, Sähänd, Süleyman Salis, Hüseyin Düzgün, Hashym Tärhan, Sämäd Bährängi, Alirza Okhtay, Bahruz Dehgani, Sary Ashyg, Chayoghlu, Ülkär, Urmuoghlu, Färrukh Sadyg, Ä. Yähyävi and others, as well as samples from our classical literature and Soviet Azerbaijani poets in the diverse press organs in Iranian Azerbaijan today.

A number of publicistic articles published in the language of the people confirm the awakening of a social consciousness in Iranian Azerbaijan and the revival of an esthetic, literary concept.

Now, we present some of these materials to our readers:

Süleyman Salis, "Mountains"

Your springs flow without number,
Peoples stare at them insatiably.
The love is there, does not leave me
Even when I must be far from you, O mountains.

At the bottom of your green meadow
The bee dances in its hive.
On the fife of your shepherds
There is a story, great mountains.

The partridge flies from your cliffs;
The gazelle escapes into your bosom.
Spring opens the heart,
And our flowered mountains of roses.

Taking on the pain of the sorrowing ones,
Faithful to your word.
You, who were the obstacle to the Babeks,
I sacrifice myself for you, O mountains.

Salis comes to you as a guest,
May you put on green* as your garment.
Flowing from your breast to the underground stream,
My eyes have been closed for a long time, O mountains.

*Green is the color of the Islamic banner.

_____ "A Capricious Dawn"

Come, my love, do not interfere with me this much
Because others see it and assume I am wretched.

To bear the anxiety of dark winter, my body shriveled up,
You deprived me always of the world of flowers.

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No matter how much tyranny silences the nightingale,
O, nightingale of my people, do not hold me to the stone.

I love your pure raiment with all my heart, my fatherland,
Since in a world creating my likenesses this is the goal.

A capricious dawn will create the heart of night;
The enthusiasm of the day struck me with anxiety.

Victory will cure the sorrow of my people,
No one can make that day black for me.

My phantasy is to join the caravan of felicity
Even if they hang me on the road.

"Homage to Shähriyar"

O, nightingale of the people, both our wealth and poverty were
plundered.

The fire of bitterness burns hot in my breast.
Sorrow and anxiety were bred in our land.
May traitors not remain in our land.
May Allah not take you from our people.

They, the executioners, cut out our eyes.
They plundered our caravans on the road to justice.
They deprived brother of brother.
The frosty wind does not forsake this country;
I see your place above, come back.

The words of Shähriyar are recited by heart in different
languages,
The eyes of these lands are completely upon you.
Night and day they wish
That you return to the homeland from a foreign place,
Then you will eliminate sorrow from their hearts.

For whatever reason you were living in a distant place
You remained in a narrow cage, like the nightingale.
You made a decision from the hearts;
In their hearts they cannot stand separation;
Come back, we are putting an end to sorrow and misfortune.

Red flowers do not grow in a salted field,
The black stain does not bear purity of conscience,
The Azeri land does not lose its labor.
Wherever you go, eyes follow you
Because their words were in your voice.

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Writing and creating is a profession for us;
The peoples will always support you.
I am Süleyman Salis, my homeland is a garden of orchards;
I wrote this invitation in the language of the people,
My inspiration, from my Azerbaijan.

_____ "Homage to Süleyman Rüstäm"

The eye of bitterness inflames my heart;
May the face of reason always be black;
Not the Araz, but another has separated us.
It was pointless living, saying 'brother' to each other;
Our fate was sorrow and anxiety.

On this side Älämdar, on that side Ordubad;
On that side was a festival; on this, cries for help;
Thinking of the hunt is the merciless Hunter.
You have tasted the taste of freedom;
Without permission, we hear its name.

The pain of bitterness tried many;
The autumn wind turns our garden pale;
Each of your words said 'life' to us:
They stimulated brothers and inspired children;
May your information be illuminating from day to day.

The cranes left a note of bitterness;
Our peoples preserve the memory.
Do not be bored, my brother, spring is on the way:
May spring come, and I, and you;
May the wall that separates us be pulled down.

My name is Süleyman, my pseudonym Salis;
I am not free to read and write;
My honor is not preserved when I walk as a stranger in the
Fatherland
In one arm a weapon, in the other a pen:
I shall not sell out the Fatherland to others..

Hashym Tärän, "I See" (in the language of Muhammad Riza Shah)

Honor gone, and nights I see a confusing dream:
I see Iran above me, sword in hand.
I did not know that Iran was this awake,
Supported by countless cannon and guns.
You say, I resist, and now I flee for help.
I see the notorious throne of my father trembling;
The light of my eyes has escaped; I see an elephantine tea-cup.

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Although my reign is over, I will find somewhere abroad;
I have enough money to buy another Iran.
I will live comfortably, I will remain here.
I see the children of the fatherland, of Hell, weeping;
If Iran does not please me, I will see it ruined.

The justice of nations is a sore in their mouth.
Neither seeing nor talking, blood flows knee-deep on the street.
Now the times have changed; they revolted against me.
I see the Iranian nation has been called to arms;
I see Zānjan joining to other provinces.

I see Mashhad, Tabriz, Tehran and Qum;
The people, arm in arm, have joined in the attack.
I was checkmated, perhaps I will go to Rome
Because I see today's situation is chaotic;
I see constant raw hate directed towards me.

Why should I stay my hand from this country's bountiful garden?
Why should I stay my hand from the pit underneath the earth?
Why should I stay my hand from that mountain of grief, the horizon of the Caspian?
A pity! I see a problem in the coming days;
I hear, bitterly, that the hand has moved to my destruction.

I hope I can raise my army again;
Strangling their outcries will be a lot of work.
Woe the day when he drew 'six' to my 'five.'
I see a worldwide deluge in 'ten.'
If there is no pumpkin, no heavenly cucumber, then I see an eggplant.

From my childhood I loved dollars;
I tied myself, body and soul, to Carter's mane.
I sold the oil gratuitously and profited from it.
That's why I take care of it now.
I see myself as an involuntary captive of a disloyal nation.

I always beat my breast religiously.
As a pilgrim, in my piety, I made myself an Imam.
I made moderation difficult for imploring mollahs.
I see the pleasures I've endured canceled out.

Like Māmdali I put Iran up for auction, o selling!
As for the fatherland, I ruined it with my own hand, o selling!
Because it belonged to me, the price was cheap, o selling!
Do not hit me, elder brother, there is an abundance of everything!
With dollars in my hand, I see America and Germany!

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I saw that Hoveida implicated me in his machinations;
He, like I, crawled away to eat from another side.
I said: O, corrupt person, you are taking generously from me.
He said: By God, do not even think about this secret business;
I'm afraid that, like you, many have enriched themselves at
the expense of others.

He said to the shah: Do not rebuke me as a servant of death;
The oil of this land and people is here today and gone
tomorrow.
Though I have swallowed all Iran I'm still not satisfied.
Possibly, there will never be such an opportunity again.
I see everyone covering their heads with a blanket.

I see his lice-ridden Muslim collar, in his hand the Koran--
I see Khan Suleyman on every side--
I see the sweet fisininjan awakening my appetite.

[Photo picturing, side-by-side, two magazines.

Caption reads: Under the right-hand side of the picture, taken from
YOLDASH, is written "Kurdistan"; as for the one with the question-mark,
Azerbaijan is written underneath it]

Story by Urmu Oghlu: "The Black Ox," YOLDASH No 11

Somewhere, once upon a time, there was a meadow. A lion and three oxen
lived in the meadow. One ox was white, one yellow, and one black. When-
ever the lion was hungry he contemplated eating one of them. But he did
not know how to go about it.

The reason was that the three oxen were all protecting each other, and
the lion was not strong enough to go against all of them. When the lion
understood this he realized he had to go at it practically and logically.

One day, after the lion had given it a great deal of thought, it struck
him that maybe he could separate these oxen, and then he would be able to
eat one. While crossing the meadow he saw the yellow ox and, after
approaching him very slowly, said: "I want to say a couple of words to
you about your danger."

The yellow ox looked at the lion and said: "Go ahead, lion, I'm listen-
ing."

The lion said: "As you well know, I am but one lion and you are three
oxen. I am all alone here. In your view, which gives us more space,
dividing the territory into two, or three parts?"

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The yellow ox thought a bit and said: "What kind of question is this, lion? It's obvious that if we divide it into two, my territory grows."

The lion said: "Thank you. You have thought it over well. I want to say that the eyes of the white ox show me that he is satisfied, but it has occurred to the black ox that he should eliminate you. As you well know, if one goes, there is sufficient room for the others. I also wanted to say that, if you approve, I will attract the attention of this white ox, point out this fact to him and, no matter how much it pains me, I will seize him and eat him. Then both you and the black ox will always be content. The other would be gone; he would never be able to live in the same place as us."

After the yellow ox had listened to the lion's words, he thought them over. Then it struck him that they would all be content if the lion seized and ate the white ox.

Then, gleefully, the lion approached the black ox. He greeted him, asked how he was, and the black ox answered: "I'm fine, Lord Lion, thank you... How strange it is that you should be so kind."

The lion said: "I am disturbed by what you said. Firstly, I liked you from the beginning. I've now talked to the yellow ox and to you about my liking you."

The black ox, amazed said: "You are disturbed by what I said?"

The lion said: "Yes. Both of you said the same thing. I came, because of him, to talk to you. Your question is logical; on a number of days I have seen this white ox eating grass as if it was going out of style. I thought to myself that he even wants more than his share. Then I went and said to him that after a couple of days of that kind of eating there won't be a blade of grass left in this pasture. Otherwise it would be a clean and good place..."

Then he added: "...I don't know whether it would be better if you and I die of hunger, or whether we remain instead of the yellow ox--look at what this boring white ox is doing to me!? But now I think I can be of some help to you. If you permit, I will twist the horn of this white ox and inform him of this. Then, no matter how painful it is for me, I will seize him and eat him. Then both you and the yellow ox can rest easily. He will be gone; he never deserved living in the same place as us anyway."

The black ox listened to the lion's words and thought them over. In his imagination he cursed the white ox for being so stupid. Whatever the case, he was not worthy of any respect. Then, in his selfishness, he agreed that the lion should seize and eat the white ox.

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The lion parted from the black ox and rushed to find the white ox. He observed him very carefully when he approached him. When the white ox saw him, he became afraid. He understood that the lion was going to eat him. He glanced from side to side because if he saw the yellow ox or the black ox he could call for help. But he saw that no help was forthcoming. The bovine did not know that the lion had already talked to them.

The lion, comforted by the fact that neither the yellow ox nor the black ox would intervene, showed his teeth, leapt, mounted the white ox and began to tear him to pieces. Thusly, after a few days, the lion had finished all the meat from the white ox.

After another few days, the lion was voraciously hungry. It came to him that he might eat one of the remaining oxen. After reflecting upon the matter, he went and found the black ox. He greeted him, asked how he was, and said: "There was a reason for eliminating the white ox and I thought that the yellow ox understood it. But now I see that he does not understand the reason."

The black ox asked: "What happened, Lord Lion?"

The lion said: "I am so disturbed that I don't know what to say. Yesterday he came up to me. He said shamelessly that if he were alone in the meadow it would be much better. There would always be enough food. But he said that this black ox eats more than the dead white ox. He said he was afraid that he wouldn't have enough to eat."

After the black ox had listened to what the lion said and, being very disturbed, said to himself: "Pig of an ox. I only ate from my own portion. I didn't go near your part." Even among oxen there are those that wear blinkers.

The lion said: "My dear black ox, has anything I said angered you?"

The black ox said: "What can I say, my ears are trembling with anger. Now I would be happy if you would tell that stupid yellow ox to keep his eyes off my food."

The lion, making his farewell, said: "I wanted something like this: if it will make you happy, I will inform him."

Then the lion left the ox, approached the yellow ox, and raised his gleaming eyes to the eyes of the poor yellow ox.

When the yellow ox saw the lion, he read his mind then, becoming alert, his eye scanning the meadow, he saw the black ox standing at some distance. His voice breaking, he called to him for help. But he saw that the black ox was deliberately not listening. The lion showed his teeth, attacked at once, rolled him over and, after gashing him a few times, began to eat him. The black ox, after watching a while, went away to graze.

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A few days went by and the lion felt a ravenous hunger. This time he thought of eating the black ox. But the lion saw that the black ox stayed far away from him these days. After searching the meadow he came upon the black ox. His head was hung downwards as he was searching out the best grass. Then, his eyes caught the lion, and he said: "Hello, lion, now it seems that I'm on your mind. I said to myself, what would happen if the lion wanted me as food? Look, lion, here is some superb food."

The lion looked the black ox over but did not answer him. Then the black ox thought it over in his heart and said to himself: "Allah, be merciful! This time he wants to seize me and eat me."

The black ox said: "What happened, lion, you're not speaking?"

The lion said: "Whatever happens, for how many days can I keep my tongue away from meat? You know very well that there is no cure for my hunger. I won't beat around the bush; I will say frankly that I came here to eat you."

When the black ox heard this, he fell down trembling. He saw that his time was up. In the meadow there was just the lion and himself. Not a single other animal was there to come to his aid. He thought, would that the yellow ox or the white ox were still alive. Had his two comrades still been alive, it would not have occurred to the lion to eat one when it was alone. What a pity it was that he had approved of the others being eaten. Then it occurred to him that there was no longer any point to such regrets. And the lion would eat him. He looked at the lion and said:

"Now, if you want, you may eat me--but first I want to say something."

The lion said: "Talk fast because I'm starving to death."

The black ox said in a loud voice: "When the white ox was eaten, I was eaten!" His voice reverberated through every part of the meadow and the lion, his mouth watering, leapt on the black ox and began to eat him.

I should say that even now you can hear the voice of the black ox from this meadow: "When the white ox was eaten, I was eaten!"

Memoir by Häbib Sahir, "Yearning for fresh bread and halvah," KOLDASH, No 3

In the period of the rule of the Pahlevi dynasty Persian chauvinism trampled on the rights of the people of Azerbaijan. Thusly, teaching in the schools in the Azeri language was banned, the theaters were closed, and not even one newspaper was published in the Azeri language.

Our school director, in order to prove his subservience to the lords, had organized spies who, when they heard the children speaking Türki [i.e.,

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Azerbaijani], had to punish them. Because of this, not one word of Azeri emerged from the mouths of these poor children. If one did, the Lord Director would take away their lunch money and make them go hungry until evening.

My brother gave me lunch money every day. When I ate lunch I used to go to the bazaar, buy half a loaf of bread and some halvah and eat it; I washed it down with water.

Unfortunately, one day I said to my friend Hashym: "Hashym, did you know that our neighbors had a feast last night? Gypsies played the tar and the shepherd's flute."

This 'criminal conversation' caught the attention of the lord director. He came, smiling, and said: "Take out everything you have in your pockets!"

Since I was defenseless that day, by way of punishment I contributed my lunch money to the lord director. And the fresh bread and halvah remained in my heart.

We had a teacher whom we respected. He taught arithmetic. He paid no heed to the director's order and spoke to us in Azeri. The lord director did not trust him. I remember that once the teacher came into the classroom and said to one of the children: "Mehdi, stand by the door and, if the director comes, block the door."

Mehdi went to the vestibule and leaned against the door. Then the teacher posed us a question to answer: "A grocer bought 3 batmans of vinegar at 6 grana apiece. He added an additional 3 batmans of water to them and stirred...Then he sold it at 16 grana per batman. You calculate how great the grocer's profit was!"

With this, the teacher smiled and added: "Certainly, children, you could not learn such knowledge from a grocer!"

The bell started the class. Fortunately the door was blocked and the lord director did not appear.

Mirzali Mo'juz: "You Are That and I Am This," YOLDASH, No 4

[Note: The following poem depends on an interplay between Farsi and Azeri. The Farsi words, which are left untranslated, have the same meanings as the Azeri words which are translated, but when an interplay is intended, the Azeri word will appear in quotation marks.]

My mother said "water" to me
Not ab.
"Sleep" she taught me in my childhood,
Not Khab.

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The first time she gave me "bread"
She did not say nan.
From the beginning it was "pass the salt" not nāmākdan.
My mother did not say ākhtār to me,
She said "star."
When water freezes do not say yākhdi, my son:
Say "ice."
Say "snow," not bārf.
Do not say dāst, say "hand" she said.
She never said to me biya;
She said "come."
Well I remember on evenings of a summer day,
When the sun went down in the garden,
And the warmth was going away;
"Come" she would say, "Your turn is next, my spoiled baby!
"If you don't come, be careful: I'll comb your sister's hair
slowly."
She did not say
"Biya shane zānām bār sāri to,
Gār nā yaye, be zānām shane khoheri to!"
Even if rocks rain from the sky,
You are that and I am this.
You had a different mother;
I had a different mother.
I have another country, special to me.
I have another language, special to my country.
If you wish, we are brothers, and live in unity.
We can go one road together, arm in arm--
But you must not blow with a different wind;
You should not view my existence and my people as inferior;
Otherwise, when you speak harshly, you shame my people.
The day will come, the page turned: if necessary, you will go.

Anon. "The Student and the Shahist Teacher," YOLDASH, No 4

Student:

If you want, teacher, we'll reconcile ourselves to the situation;
There is language on our tongue, but we will not speak it.
Culture has covered the face of the new world:
Come do not accuse us of laziness, we are working day and night!

Teacher:

Do not doubt that everything has its reason;
Your fluent sweet language is of use to the center.
They have ordered that you learn the Farsi language.
In the world Farsi is the sister of all languages.

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Student:

O teacher, that strange language is very hard, we'll twist our
tongues!
When talking in our native tongue, it's our habit to smile.
When we're insulted, our attitude changes.
I am not speaking out of disrespect.
Azeristan was our center: look at history!

Teacher:

Truthfully, I am compelled to reject you rights.
In Khorasan everyone respects this language
And you must learn to please them.
If you reject what I say, the center will doubtless be separate!

[Photograph of cover of an Iranian Azeri publication showing a picture of
Sämäd Vurghun, one of the leading writers in the AzSSR]

Häbib Sahir, "On the Book Zäbani Azärbaijan" ("The Language of Azerbaijan")

In Zäbani Azärbaijan, written by the philologist Särhäng Shuar a number of
words such as gazan ('kettle'), tiyan ('cast-iron pot'), särchä ('sparrow'),
sährä ('falcon'), supa ('oven; staff; height') and gurbagha ('frog') are
selected as examples which "prove that the Azerbaijanis have been Tats
since the time of Noah...and that the Ilkhans changed the language of
these poor devils by the sword...

Establishment scholars, the Roshan Zemirs, the Murtuzis and those excellen-
cies hobnobbing with Karing have confirmed it. By Allah!, and we will
confirm it too.

In the book is written: 'frog' is Farsi. (We have no word for it, but
the Farsis do.)

Milchäk ('fly, as in insect') is a baby mil ('knitting needle; rampart;
skeleton key; pivot; mile').

Banlamag ('to crow like a rooster') is bang vurmagh ('to smoke hashish').

Gazanचा ('a small kettle') is the child of the gazan ('kettle') and
särchä ('sparrow') is the child of the sährä ('falcon').

Supa is a three-legged donkey!

Woe, I said woe! This person was a veritable river of science!...

While satisfying their desires,
An ancestor mounted Mrs Gazan.

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Her hair hanging loose,
Little Särhäng Shüar came along,
And a beautiful little kettle was born.
Remaining the size of the falcon's sister,
A healthy winged child was born.
It grew from day to day
And became a useless sparrow.

A green insect with but one wing
Buzzed, and a child was born.
"Who are you, milchäk," I asked,
"Which mil's child are you?"
"Of Säyyid Hämzä and Zor Khan."
I said: "Go away, you bastard!
I mean, your mother was a whore."

It was fall, it rained,
The wind blew cold.
When the war-like rooster crowed,
Shuar said: "Don't smoke hashish!"
And the rooster abruptly cut off its voice.

I said to the frog: --"My boy,
You have sold yourself to a stranger.
You have splintered the stone of our lake."
He said: "No, no! I always
Croak in a Turkish lake."

You know nothing, my girl, of what is;
Shüar writes in her book
"When I was passing through Mamaghan
I saw a large pitched tent.
A donkey with three knees was grazing,
Its body was big, its name was supä."

This place is the fortress of fire;
The sparrow is the falcon's child.
Yellow flowers in our garden
Quickly open and quickly close.
Where Särhäng the scholar is
There is a donkey with three knees.

[Note: The prose and poem above are of a type considered to be untrans-
ferable into another language since it involves a string of puns based on
absurdity. Parenthetical additions to the text represent an attempt to ex-
press what the author actually means, or seems to mean, in the view of
the translator. The poem is masterfully constructed in Azeri; in English
it retains its flavor, if not its style.]

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INTERNATIONAL

DISCUSSIONS ON ESTABLISHMENT OF AZERBAIJAN WRITERS AND POETS ASSOCIATION

Baku AZERBAIJAN in Azerbaijani No 1, 1980 pp 58-65

[Article: "Discussions at the First Meeting on the Establishment of an Azerbaijan Writers and Poets Association"; material submitted by Iranian journal SIRUS]

[Text] The first meeting on the establishment of an Azerbaijan Writers and Poets Association.

Close to 30 Azeri writers and poets were brought together by YOLDASH magazine in a provisional location on the 31st of Ferverdin at 4:00 pm: prior to the official calling to order of the official organization of the meeting, the great writer Sebahi read a prose poem which he had written in honor of Sehend. At 4:10 pm a chairman of the meeting was elected. The chief editor of YOLDASH, Huseyn Duzgun, spoke:

"For some of the writers we have invited here, it is the first time they have taken part in a meeting of the Iranian Writers' Union. Some could not come. We hope that they will be present at later meetings." Then, with the permission of the chairman of the meeting, he read a report of the YOLDASH magazine committee: "The reason for inviting you here, as noted in the invitations, is to conduct discussions pursuant to the foundation and organization of an Azerbaijan writers' and poets' association. Certainly, we have been unable to assemble all the progressive writers and poets in one place. We hope that, in the future, our friends of the pen will meet in one place, and that we participate in collective activities. Questions suggested for ongoing talks with our friends consist of the following:

1. To bring forth a major plan for the founding and organization of an Azerbaijan Writers' and Poets' Association, and to become known and active on a global standard; to determine how to reach different parts of the world through other languages, and to communicate with other progressive writers and organizations of the world, and with organizations defending writers' rights.

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2. The question of the defense of the honor of our literary heritage which was almost destroyed by the depredations wrought by the Pahlevi regime and, working tirelessly and wholeheartedly, to demonstrate activity in the realm of necessary literary works by means of different organs; to open the treasury of literature by means of esthetic translations.
3. The coming plan of the association is to spread among the people the concept of a toiling and working class, and to defend this idea; to declare unity with the rest of the toiling people of Iran; and, to distance ourselves from ideas which argue for every kind of accursed nationalistic or fanatical remedy.
4. To prepare reading texts in the mother tongue for the coming school year; also, to put simple popular scientific booklets into the hands of the people.
5. To acquaint the younger generation with the different representatives and movements of our past proud pedagogical and literary heritage, and to instill in them both a love and enthusiasm for, and a rational expectation, for this plan.
6. To communicate and disseminate the basic programs of our association in the Tehran dailies which publish in Farsi and, not being deceived by any of the extremist elements and, being faithful to our program, to defend ourselves from them.

Of course, in these questions we have noted only represent a cross-section of those working at YOLDASH magazine. The basic question is creating cultural freedom which is, on a broad front, the active desire of workers today; insuring the freedom for the people to develop their own language and literature; the attainment of autonomy of Azerbaijan for the local people; bringing forth, in a new and progressive form, of an "Enjumenhayi Eyaleti ve Vilayeti" [autonomy] which was foreseen in the constitutional period; defending the rebellion of Azerbaijan in 1945 and our great leader, Pisheveri; and to give to the state some possibilities in keeping with the times for the granting of autonomy to Azerbaijan.

Certainly we, as a writers' association, should plan and carry out political questions more correctly. And, may we struggle for the peoples' interest on a contemporary front."

Such are the ideas of those working on YOLDASH magazine. In communicating the unity of the working peoples of all Iran, it is our goal to spread the single concept of the centuries-old continuity of the workers of the world among the Azeri workers.

We invite immediately writers and poets to inform us of your frank, illuminated and specialized observations on the questions we have

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selected; that you meet with our comrades to take note of our first meeting and that we gather up all our comrades in one place by setting up the fundamental statement and the program, the organization of our continuing meetings and other organs, and that you mention the need for efficient and useful meetings in Tabriz, the capital of Azerbaijan, and other cities.

When the chief editor of our magazine finished his speech, Aghayi Mehemmedeli Ferzane was next and, receiving permission from the chairman of the meeting, began thusly:

"...It is too bad that the workers at YOLDASH are so hard-line. Where are we in this movement? The revolution resulted in the freedom of the oppressed peoples of Iran. Every revolution throws something to one side. The question of using it is important. The atmosphere of the meeting is a step forward for Azeri linguistics and language. National and cultural autonomy has been planned for a long time. In the constitutional revolution, especially, autonomy was the goal and certainly this work is not yet over; we know how great the role of this desire was. The question of change in a revolution is major. After Russia in 1917, a number of events occurred in the Middle East. In Azerbaijan there was the Kheyabani uprising, which was manifested quite openly. The question of cultural, administrative and political autonomy was rejected. But, in today's context we are examining the cultural question more broadly. Culture was a component part of our language, theatrical, musical and literary life.

Whether put on a legal basis or not, when we examine this question thoroughly, we see what the compelling national question is. The question of textbooks and the question of an academy remain. For the last 30 years there has been a higher school in Azerbaijan--a small step--but no questions pertaining to the language of Azerbaijan were raised.

In publishing there was a roughly 10-page booklet on some poet from Kirman, but there was no mention of Azeri culture or vocabulary.

In the capitalist countries of Europe the higher schools are budgeted by the state. Concerning this, one of the special questions is that budgeting must be submitted to the people.

I am basically in agreement with the question which the YOLDASH press rejected, but if we must live with a lesser plan, where shall we begin? Today, everyone wants a dictionary or a lexicon. While this was necessary earlier, now it is paramount. Our theater began before any other in Iran, entering the scene 80 years ago. Theater depicts all stages of struggle, politics and man. It is different from all other realms.

I do not favor writing every mode in a beautiful way. We have our present-day language, and the language of Baku is not a model for us. While remaining faithful to the literary rules of the language, one should write more simply.

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...In broadcasts from Tabriz, they say we have everything. But the party chief stated that we have nothing and that we are beginning from the beginning.

They are underevaluating our publishing and cultural level. The association must begin to work from the beginning. If an economic-social situation arises so that we return to our homeland, we will benefit from these questions.

There is a great deal of slackness in political ideas and letters to the extent that every faction rejects every other faction other than itself, although our question is a general question, both by the standards of Iran and by the standards of Azerbaijan.

Since our language has been confused with politics, and since these politics were condemned, the language was also condemned. We must prevent this circumscription on our language and literature in the future.

A poets' and writers' association must not limit itself, nor must it remain in the framework of any other faction. And since it is known that it is on the side of the workers, all of the workers are completely behind us.

Current cultural thrust:

1. To be democratic.
2. That the wishes of the majority be realized, and that there should be room for individual differences. Here, the classes and class question occupy a strong position. It is also necessary to unite with the "Enjumen-i Azerbaijan" [Azerbaijan Association]. If too few writers are being found for the association, we must find more."

Then Aghayi Rehim Degig, litterateur and writer, began his talk by thanking YOLDASH magazine for this effort, and said:

"To love the fatherland, in other words, to love the language. If we do not try to develop the language, that language will remain and go on anyway. But nothing happens without a cause. The language and its origin must be studied and the more than 800-year-old literature of our people be revived. When our brave descendants began this struggle, slander was hurled at them.

It is not sufficient to write in dialect these days. We must write in our literary language, but in a simplified form.

They insult us, who call us "Turk." Our language is not the Turki remaining from the Mongols. Research shows that our language is a strong and cultivated language. Nationalists, in order to colonize us, connect us to Turkey.

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The propositions presented by YOLDASH magazine are in conformity with the present. We are able to write down our demands on it as a program for the future. Our friend Aghaji Ferzane says not to write the language of Northern [Soviet] Azerbaijan. I repudiate this. We must write a literary and correct language. If we pay attention well, we see that there have been great poets in history, but when they got the idea of freedom, they were eliminated by slander.

We must make use of the freedom we have obtained with moderation. I commend YOLDASH magazine and I want the committee to form quickly, and that we give our choices to them."

Then one of our contemporary poets, Aghaji Ferhad spoke thusly:

"We have remained behind in this work and fell into a footnote. We say we woke up quickly, but what voice is this? There are many who have observed the work of the Kurdish peoples on this matter, who live next to us. I am not very knowledgeable. We must profit from the knowledge of those with a lot of experience. We construct the building before we bring home the bride, then, we work out the flaws. There are a number of writers who are not here; we hope that we can bring them to a larger meeting in the future. A standing committee should be formed so that we can resolve these questions at coming meetings."

Then Dr Mehriyani spoke: "I am glad to participate in this association. If I cannot speak literary Turki, it proves that it was tyrannized. I learned the language when it was not permitted, especially under the Pahlevi regime. But it is not only cultural tyranny, but also perhaps socioeconomic and political."

Then Dr Mehriyani reminisced, and then said: "Aghaji Sedig (the pen-name of Huseyn Duzgun) wants and expresses an ideology. I agree with Aghaji Ferzane.

I have a request for textbooks, that they not be written in the literary language. The people must be satisfied with the language. The book written by the late Samed Behrengi is good; it teaches Farsi by means of shared words."

After Mehemmedbaghyr Sedri Mehriyani, our contemporary writer Aghaji Gendzheli Sebahi said: "As a result of the Zionist fascist policy, not only was the language of Azerbaijan banned, but also Kurdish and Baluchi. I wrote a book called 'Epics of Azerbaijan.' They said that our constitution does not authorize the publication of books in the Azeri, Baluchi or Turkish languages. .

It is just that it must destroy the language of a nation. YOLDASH magazine understands this because they thought of the same idea. But why have they brought up such a wide sector, such as entering into political

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questions? In my opinion the writers' association must be organized independently, even if it is good or not to take help from a party or committee organization."

After Aghaji Sebah, Comrade Hesén Ildyrym, an honorary member of the writer's committee, spoke. He said, in the course of sharp discussions: "Never say that to crush the Azeri, Kurdish and Turkmen peoples is, in itself, a social question. It is the work of the bourgeoisie. If this is what it wants, it must dominate. It is that that crushes them. We are not extirpating culture from memory. No, although you should know that oral culture is in the mouth of the people. This is because the school does not bring forth literature. Come, look to the village where a perceptive girl reads the poetry of complaint of such bitterness in the course of her work. Literature and language are inseparable from the people."

After Hesén Ildyrym, Aghaji Khomenbeh. He said, in brief, that from the geographical point of view, the population of Azerbaijan is very large. There are 14 million Azerbaijanis in Iran. They communicate in the Azeri language in the Khemse region and in a number of places in Gilan and Khorasan. He said, after pointing to Semed Behrengi: "Semed wrote that book that said teach Farsi under any circumstances. Now we have to write a new book. Because times have changed."

Aghaji Mehemmedeli Ferzane, being recognized again by the chairman of the meeting, may speak. The chairman of the meeting has recognized Aghaji Ferzane. Ferzane: "Look, one question stands very easily. We are approaching a little bit of science. The revolution is a revolution of the petit-bourgeois. This is the characteristic of this revolution. Certainly, the working class stands by their ideology. If we make an accord with the proletariat, the petit-bourgeoisie will be split. Iran will become a polarized society."

None of those present are either in the forefront or the periphery of ideology. The general thrust of our present revolution must be democratic and national. In my opinion there must be an Azerbaijan writers' association. Otherwise we must say that it must be a writers' association of the Azerbaijan democratic party, or the writers' association of a freedom-loving party. This should not be. At this stage, the program of the Azerbaijan writers' association should be both democratic and national. Were a democratic government to rule in Azerbaijan, there would be maybe 55 or 56 factions. In such a loose situation, it is desirable that these should unite. (Association said: Yes, yes, yes!) It would be well for YOLDASH magazine to drop its approach. Perhaps one should take a poll so that there is no argument, but there are controversies at this meeting. One spots those who are radicalized and those who were tortured. Every democratic Azerbaijani is their companion."

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Then contemporary poet Hashym Terlan began to speak: "I find it very pleasant to be at this meeting organized by YOLDASH magazine. The association must be set up, and whatever the progressive movement, the path of YOLDASH magazine is good, because we must have our writings and books in our own language. We cannot stay on the edge of a legal and progressive movement. Tomorrow is May Day. We cannot remain silent. Whatever happens, we will organize a writers' association, and we just do not take this into consideration. We must make use of all progressive factions."

Then, lecturer at Tehran University, Aghaji Naghy Beraheni said: "We should not confuse the question that Aghaji Ferzane raised. A certain amount of thought is necessary. If legal nations made a decree on language, there would be the possibility to defend it. Our association is literary. Unfortunately, Azerbaijanis are behind in this respect. I have not seen any information published to the effect that the Azerbaijanis want self-rule. The young sometimes express the idea that their language is Farsi, but let us dwell on this. If we begin on two fronts, a number of means are necessary. There is no dictionary. A word list should be written, and a language law, in simple language, should be prepared. If we can, we will prepare three or four books in Farsi to entice the reader."

Aghaji Sadigi has worked much in the realm of the children's book. "If the society holds (an election) on the constitution soon, the differences will be eliminated."

The Aghaji Dzhamel Rovsi, communications, general and administrative director and financial manager of our magazine said "I say to all those who accuse YOLDASH of taking a hard line--the fate of our people has not fallen into the hands of opportunists. Why do we not hear from toilers and workers? Today, in Iran, a major economic movement has begun. And the working class is in that movement."

"America will not neglect Iran so easily. Now our people have recourse to what they wish, and may they escape the reactionary road of the economic movement in Iran. At YOLDASH the difficulty is recognized. You cannot pull a yearling down another road by taking advantage of the people. A man must keep his word. The people must go down a level road. We will no longer give the chance for opportunistic men to betray the people. Last night the Kurdish people revolted. Although the Tabriz bourgeoisie and petit-bourgeoisie remained silent or they spoke against it: What do you hear, and what will you do? Neriman Nerimanov says that there are very few who serve the people with a pure heart. We do not want these alms. If you work for us, we are satisfied, but no more."

"...I suggest on behalf of the workers at YOLDASH that, after electing a provisionary committee, we invite our writers from Tehran and other cities, and that the writing man is able to write in his mother tongue at

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all times. Many have grumbled at the language used in YOLDASH magazine, although putting it into practice has put everyone on their toes."

"We wish, then, for an association to be founded and organized. The goal is not that we gather all the counterrevolutionary and reactionary bourgeoisie writers in one place. For example, we organized the Azerbaijan Association. But if this idea has occurred to some at YOLDASH magazine, I will resign today."

"The revolution in Iran is a trivial question. In an interview I gave 8 months ago I said that it would pave the way for reaction..."

Then Aghaji Ferzane once again spoke, and attacking YOLDASH magazine, said that it writes about revolutionaries and struggles together with the Tudeh party. Here the chief editor of our magazine said, in a strong voice, that these two factions were not enemies of each other! Aghaji Ferzane sat down and he was answered by Aghani Degig: "You speak about 'democratic' with embellished words. There is no point in speaking. Action is necessary, not words. Workers and farmers are the heart of the people, and writers and poets must observe them. We have to talk about what benefits the majority. We have to show the way to achieve the goal by writings from our own hands, for 70 years ago our heroes wanted democracy. We are continuing along the sacred road of the goal of our ancestors. Now the Kurds want freedom. We will not waste words. We shall elect seven people, and they shall write our constitution."

Then Aghaji Hesén Medzhidzade (Savalan) said: "I appreciate very much that there is a hearth (guild) for my native language. That is to say, the bringing-into-being of the hearth (guild). The hearth gives hope to all of us in the sense that it defends and gives refuge. We must make a decision on our textbooks. It is not necessary to copy from Farsi and Turkic texts. I would like to ask our learned friends who are present that they declare their readiness."

Ferhad--one of our contemporary poets--said: "To resolve the contradictions among the people does not mean that we are talking about minor contradictions. These arguments here should not be pedestrian. The line of YOLDASH magazine is well appreciated, because the word of every faction is productive, and all freedom-lovers and democrats have been gathered in one place. And you cannot have this kind of altercation."

After ending the discussions, the chairman of the meeting, Dr Selamullah Dzhavid spoke. He admonished those members who were impatient, and then spoke of the downfall of the Pahlevi dynasty.

At 7:00 pm there was a recapitulation by the chairman of the committee, and seven members of a provisory executive committee were elected.

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